

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE DESERTER.

The course of true love never yet ran smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

In a pleasant little village on the banks of the Passaic river, there lived, about the commencement of the late American war, an aged gentleman of the name of Elliston, whose early life had been spent in the English metropolis. His family consisted of one son and two daughters, and it had been his particular care since the death of his esteemed wife to render his little family not only accomplished, but, as the surest source to accomplishment, intelligent. Possessed of an ample fortune, nothing was spared for the fulfilment of his object, and he had the satisfaction of beholding his endeavours were not unavailing. To one whose early life was passed in the highest circles of fashion in London, the simplicity of society, so characteristic of the American farmer, appeared too gross and unrefined to be pleasing to his aristocratic taste—and unlike the plain honesty of many of his equally wealthy neighbours, he had kept himself, and consequently his family, aloof from the rural pastimes of the village. Not that he despised the poor—it were false to say, if they needed, they ever went hungry from his door; but the effects of an early education had conduced to that predominancy of feeling, which seems to be so common with the human heart, when in the enjoyment of the blessings of wealth.

The elegant mansion house of Elliston was situate on a pleasing eminence surrounded by a park, which art had assisted nature to render a truly delightful promenade—but within the paling which inclosed so many beauties, every thing wore an appearance of melancholy; the roses bloomed in vain, for who was there to look upon their vermeil tints, but the prisoners of pride, the young and beautiful Amanda, and the less gay, but not less accomplished, Eliza Elliston? In vain did the smile steal upon the cherry-red lips of the young Amanda, she seemed like the wild rose—

" Born to blush unseen—"

and the sadness of Eliza, afforded a singular contrast to the arch playfulness of her sister. They had lost the agreeable company of their brother, who with his young friend Chilterham, was now on a tour through his native

country, and often did they sigh to mingle in the gay dances of their less wealthy, but more happy neighbours. Yet still there were moments of delight for the fair inhabitants of the Elliston mansion: the sabbath day introduced them abroad into the devotional assembly, and there God, and their religion, placed them on an equality.

One morning in the spring of 1811, when the sun had risen in all his splendour, and the dews which had rested on the fragrant blossoms of the newly clothed fruit trees during the preceding night, were dispelled by the genial warmth of his rays, the young Amanda, as beautiful as Hebe, her sister, and aged parent entered their chaise to enjoy, in a light ride, the beauties of the surrounding country. They had proceeded but a short distance from the house when the horses taking fright threw the coachman from his seat, and set out at full speed. The situation of the party was now dangerous in the extreme, for the startled animals seemed not to abate in their speed as the reeling chaise rapidly approached the river, and a sudden turn in the road precluded the possibility of a hope but that the horses would rush down the bank, which was here several feet in perpendicular height, into the stream, and which, notwithstanding the river was rendered high by the spring freshets, seemed to be the only means by which to escape with life. A deadly paleness had crept over the brows of the terrified girls and Amanda sunk into a sleep of forgetfulness as the snorting steeds sprang over the bank, yet the warm blood returned to her cheeks as the chill water dashed over her from the exertions of the still in-exhausted horses who struck the yielding liquid from their sides even to the centre of the stream, and they were borne down by the current with amazing rapidity.

At this moment a small boat put out from the shore and by the skillful management of the young man who guided it, the party were rescued from their vehicle which had now gone completely under the water. Then resigning the oars he sprang into the stream and by his continued and gigantic exertions succeeded in bringing the horses and the carriage safely to the shore. By this time Mr. Elliston had effected a landing, with his daughters, who had now partially recovered from their fright, in the little boat, to which, and the intrepidity of George Selden, their lives were owing. They looked upon their deliverer who had now joined them, as an instrument which

the hand of Providence had prepared for their preservation, and, with unreserved emotions, they expressed their gratitude. "Young man," said Mr. Elliston, "it is to you, I am indebted for the preservation of mine, and the lives of those who are dearer to me than my own.—I have only this means of expressing my gratitude for your kindness and intrepidity—accept of it," said he presenting a roll of money. "accept of it young man—it is all I have to give." George, declined accepting his generous offer, and, assisting the ladies again to their seats, after adjusting some of the injured harness, they were ready to return to the home they had so lately and so unluckily left. Then was a momentary silence: the full and expressive blue eyes of Amanda were fixed upon her preserver, and as she gazed upon the elegance and symmetry of his person, her young heart burned with an emotion which she found it impossible to suppress, and then, while a modest flush suffused her cheeks, she ventured to address Mr. Selden—

"I am even poor in compliments and gratitude; but, sir, we shall ever be happy to see you at the Elliston hall—you will not be recompensed for your generosity—may I ask, sir, your acceptance of this ring—need I say keep it, for it may remember you of one who is more grateful for your assistance this day, than she has words to express. Do not forget the Elliston mansion—" The peculiar emphasis with which Amanda pronounced the foregoing acted like electricity upon the heart of Mr. Selden—it were needless to say he received the ring, and then with even an affectionate adieu, they separated. But, notwithstanding the gratitude Mr. Elliston seemed willing to allow due their deliverer, he did not fail to censure the generous hearted Amanda, for making so improper a present to a stranger, as he conceived she had done.

"And what harm," thought Amanda, "can there be, in being grateful even to a stranger?" but she was silent. She was indeed, a girl of romance—and at night, when she laid down to rest, the events of the day were called to mind in her dreams, and the image of that youth, to whom she felt herself bound by indissoluble ties of esteem, flitted across her imagination almost every moment. Sometimes she saw him struggling in the agonies of death, with the unrelenting waters above his head, and then she fancied him rescued from his terrible and perilous situation, and that she was arrayed in her bridal habiliments—that she had given her hand to the young stranger—and when she awoke and found it was all a dream, her young heart beat, and she almost wished it reality. "Ah," thought she, "will he ever think of me again? Perhaps some other has engaged his affections—" and she trembled least her surmisings were sooth.

At the moment of their departure from the presence of Mr. Selden, he looked upon the

ring he had received, and he could not but conceive it to be a gift of more than gratitude—it was marked—"Amanda Elliston" "How singular," thought he, "how very singular a meeting—she is a beautiful girl"—and he determined, within himself, that it should not be long until he visited the Elliston mansion.

The summer was passing away, nor yet had George paid his intended visit; but the longer he was absent, the more desirous was he to see the fair Amanda. He now set out on a little excursion of pleasure to the Patterson Falls, on his return from which he had calculated to gratify his feelings by calling where, he now too sensibly felt, his heart had already gone before him. After satisfying his curiosity with that splendid exhibition of nature, the Falls of the Passaic, and gazing at the mingled tints of the rainbow which seemed spread beneath his feet, and, in compliance with the stern command of the Genius of the place, carving his name on the rough bed of rocks over which he had passed to this scene of grandeur, he returned to his hotel. Few and light were the hours that fled till he found himself in the gay assemblage of fashion, where "the light fantastic toe," of many a fairy nymph, beat music to the silver time; but his eyes were soon fixed upon one beloved object—it was Amanda—but did not one flash of jealousy rush across his heart as he surveyed the gay form of Chilterham, (who had just returned from his tour) her partner in the dance? Yes! "How like an angel she moves," thought he, and he felt with redoubled energy the passion that played around his heart. It was but a moment and he felt her delicate hand within his own—with that touch each gave away a heart, and from that moment to the last hour of the life of George Selden, did the image of Amanda remain uppermost in his thoughts. But how singular is the disposition of man!—the father of Amanda could not remember to be just, and scarcely had George entered the mansion of Elliston, which he did in a few days, than he perceived a coldness which his pride could not bear. His stay was but short, and as Amanda bade him adieu, and a light tear of regret started from its bed of ethereal blue to her eyelids, she thus addressed him:

"I fear sir," and an involuntary sigh escaped the damask pale of her sweet lips, "I fear, sir, you will never return again: believe me I shall be pleased to see you—at least, sir," said she, as a quick flush covered her forehead, "at least, sir, I shall be pleased to hear from you. Adieu! but do not forget Amanda Elliston—Adieu!—Adieu!" "Will she be pleased to hear from me?" said George, as he departed from the presence of one he even tenderly loved,— "will she?—ah, how can I doubt it?"

The winter passed on, and often had the soul-enlivening lines of Amanda warmed the heart of her lover, but the haughty disposition of her father had increased to an undisguised

contumely for the object of her affections; yet still she could not burst asunder the chains that had bound her, she even hoped to the destinies of him whose image was engraven upon her heart too deeply, and too fondly to be erased. Selden was poor: yet his father had, at one time, been possessed of a very handsome property, nor had he in the days of his prosperity forgotten the education of his children, and wherever they appeared they still were accomplished; but from a series of misfortunes the family had become reduced, almost to poverty, and little had George to expect from his father to enable him to move smoothly along in the thorny path of life. Yet still his Amanda loved him, and, although nursed in the lap of wealth, she was willing to sacrifice all, and follow the waywardness of his destinies. In vain had she hoped that her father's blessing might unite her to him she only loved, and scarcely had the trees exhibited their leafy mantles in the spring ere, at the still hour of midnight, Amanda fled her paternal roof, and the fond rites which were to seal at once, her happiness and disinheritance, were solemnly performed by the pastor of a neighbouring village. It was a still night, the stars reflecting on the smooth bosom of the Passaic showed an unfathomable deep—and the broad moon sat in the silver clouds and gazed on her own face—the hollow thundering of the distant cataract was heard as the light breeze sported along the plain—and the dreary howlings of the lonely watch-dog echoed among the hills. But the moon moved on: the stars forgot their lustre as the bright morning shot above the eastern horizon, and the bold sun lifted his head in golden splendour; but the morning was a morning of sadness for the aged parent of the Elliston mansion. A few lines from the pen of his daughter, had informed him of her marriage with Selden, and as he perused her little billet, with an involuntary burst of passion he had called the curses of heaven upon his child—but alas! to rescue her was now too late, and with a deep and studied melancholy he wandered about in the garden, or confined himself in the drawing room; but at every turn he missed that angel form which to him was still dear, even though she had incurred the height of his displeasure.—Yet when his better feelings prompted him to forgive her, he started at the remembrance of Selden, cursed her again and again and resolved to forget, but never to forgive her.

The war now broke out between England and the U. States, and the sounds of "the spirit stirring drum," were heard in every quarter of the country, the fire of the revolutionary patriot started up in every youth, and the ardour of age, cast aside many a crutch from the limbs of the veteran of the "times that tried men's souls." But to pass over the incidents of oppression which the young couple met with, through the machinations of Chilterham,

(whose hopes were utterly blasted by the unexpected marriage of Amanda with George,) encouraged by the dislike the father of Amanda bore towards her unfortunate lover, it is sufficient to state, that driven to desperation, he enlisted in a company then on the march, and without even a farewell to his wife departed for the tented field. "Poor Amanda!" said he, "Poor girl!—God will protect the innocent!" He wrote to her by the first conveyance, carefully avoiding to make known the cause of his absence, and feigning some important business recommended her removal to the house of his father, to whom he had also written, to await his return.

Let us now trace him to the frontier: it was a raw day in the month of November when one of his brother soldiers, who had been on furlough without the pale of the camp, on his return presented him with a letter, which he said he had received from a lady. His cheeks became pale with emotion as he read—"Be at the untenanted hut, a few rods beyond the picquets at midnight. If you can escape you can certainly return before the reveille—A Friend." "Is it possible it can be Amanda," thought he, and as he scrutinized the penmanship, his heart throbbed, and he exclaimed—"Oh, it is none but she! Poor girl! and thus she would surprise me!" He applied for permission to be absent, but it was late, and the situation of the army rendered it necessary that every man should be at his post, at night, and his application was rejected. It was in vain to solicit, or he could have fallen upon his knees and begged. Night came on, and the winds whistled with a dismal hollowness thro' the towering pines, as the dark scattered clouds sullenly swept along the sky, and the far echoing sound of the nightly tattoo broke upon the listener's ear. Thought after thought rushed over the troubled brain of George as he laid himself down with his companions on his bed of straw, and the cold wind found its way through the unavoidable openings of the tent. "Alas!" thought he, "and on such a night must Amanda await me in vain."—He gazed again and again upon the scroll, and still the faint glimmerings of the log fire before the tent showed the dear lines of his, ah, he thought, too faithful wife. The midnight hour was fast approaching, nor yet had George slept,—the camp was all still, save the deep sonorous notes of the sleeping soldiers—the step of the slow pacing sentinel upon his post—and the continued tones of the *Æolian* harp, as it played a wild stave from the icy music of air. There was a heaven too near for poor mortality to resist.—All was dark, and with a cautious but timorous step he succeeded in reaching the outposts of the camp—passed the last sentinel—was at the threshold of the very hut where he supposed was centered all that was dear to him—

"Who goes there?—A deserter!" shouted

a coarse voice, and a file of men immediately surrounded him with their bright bayonets—in vain did he remonstrate, he was seized, bound, and conveyed back to the camp. Oh, God! what a moment of despair, for the unhappy George. The horrible conviction then rushed upon his brain. It was Chilterham!—his disappointed rival, who had detected him. It was him then that had forged the unfortunate cause of his error: but alas! there was no redress, Chilterham was an officer in command, and his influence was exerted against the unlucky culprit. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. But the unfortunate are not ever without friends, for the all-seeing eye of Providence cannot be closed, and the Divine Power rules with a severe, but a merciful rod.

The awful day had now arrived, and "Oh," thought the culprit, "if I could but once more behold my Amanda, how happy could I die—yet it is in vain, I cannot see her." On the morning on which he was to meet his dreadful doom, he had used every endeavour to compose his mind that he might meet it with a fortitude that should astonish his accuser, and when the dreadful moment arrived his appearance was as calm and unruffled as if it were to a banquet he approached. The coffin was placed before the grave and behind this he had knelt—his eyes were bandaged, and those of many a soldier who surrounded him were wet with the distilled milk of pity. The executioners of the martial law were already before him—the signal drum was tapped once—one moment more and he was to be in eternity—

Let us now return to Amanda: after the departure of her husband, she, in accordance with his wish, removed to the house of his father where she received every kind attention, and but for the absence of her husband and the solicitude her warm heart felt for his welfare, she could have been perfectly happy in the smiles of her young infant, in whose features she traced every lineament of its father. One morning while the party were at breakfast, she received a letter which informed her of the unfortunate situation of him she only loved, and with a shriek she fell senseless upon the floor. The secret of her distress was soon revealed to the family, and from a social party all were turned into consternation and mourning. The poor girl on recovering from her swoon, burst into tears—but a faint hope rushed to her heart, and she determined to set out with her infant to the house of her father. She knew he had wealth and influence, and "Oh," said she, "when he sees me in tears at his feet, he will—he will be merciful—and save my husband."

Just at evening she arrived at the gate of the Elliston mansion, and with a trembling step she entered the house of her angry parent.—He met her in the hall—she sunk at his feet, and implored his forgiveness. The old man

stood for a moment, lost in emotion, but the dear remembrance of things which had been, overcame him—the tears started to his eyes—he clasped her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, and blessed and forgave her—she presented her infant—it received also his benison; and after a general, and an affecting reconciliation, the old man promised to use every endeavour to obtain a pardon for the unhappy George, to whom we will now return: already were the musquets levelled at the unfortunate victim of the law, when the commanding officer rode up and stayed the execution. A pardon was read, and in less than an hour, the culprit met the warm embrace of his forgiving father-in-law—imprinted the emotions of his heart upon the lips of his Amanda, and then, for the first time, kissed the infant cherub which his wife had not till now presented him with.

The affair had obtained a proper hearing—Chilterham was disgraced—but the young couple often entertain their guests, at the now happy mansion of Elliston, with the eventful history of the "Deserter." P.

FROM THE EMPORIUM.

THE HAPPY MAN.

That some men in the world enjoy more happiness than others is unquestionable, and that this arises rather from the peculiar constitution of the mind than from any other source is equally certain. Most of the evils we encounter in life, are imaginary, and the pain they occasion is proportionate to the acuteness of our sensibilities, or the weakness of our minds. The philosophy of the ancient stoics was a heartless one—it aimed at the total annihilation of sensibility, but it may be doubted whether it was not blended with more of wisdom than is found in those schools of sickly sentiment, the growth of modern and more luxurious times. It has been a question whether Democritus or Heraclitus was the wiser; but probably most of my readers would rather have been the former than the latter.—The brief tale that follows, one of those pleasant things which come over the heart in the memory of days long past, is not irrelevant to these matters.

Harry Farr was a name long remembered in the neat village of Aylesbury, and remembered with that warmth of friendship which has its origin deep in the heart. Sorrow and misfortune never found a more stiff-necked rebel than they found in him—he possessed a mind of rather an eccentric cast, and though on every subject he thought rationally, though in all his ideas the workings of a strong and steady mind were visible, still he thought as no one else thought, and acted out every hypothesis of his brain, with steadiness and unwavering consistency. He seemed to be incapable of dwelling on particulars, always looking forward to general results—and when the prospect, as far

as the eye could reach was overclouded, his mind went further and dwelt in happy contemplation on a still more distant resting place beyond the last anchorage of mortality.

He had his troubles, who has not? He came at manhood to a small estate, an inheritance for which a worthy ancestor had laboured long and hard—and he was merry when he spoke of the many days of toil fortune had thus put away from him—but just as he was commencing shop keeping, a distant kinsman discovering a flaw in his title, ejected him and he was turned penniless on the world. It seemed not to cause even momentary disappointment. It is best he said, that one should have something to occupy the mind—and business may as well do it as pleasure; I shall eat and drink and sleep as soundly as before; I am happy, because I will be so.

He had engaged himself, when his prospects were most fair, to a pretty girl in the village, who, being mistress of a small legacy herself, thought it would be derogatory to her to marry any other than a man of property, and Harry's misfortune determined her to cut the tie; and run loose. She received him the next evening after the news of the termination of the suit arrived in her father's parlour; it was remarked that she had prepared herself on the occasion, with extraordinary pains, to look as killing as possible, and when he was seated, she told him with an air of great dignity in substance, that as he was now poor, he was consequently unworthy of her, and would please to govern himself accordingly—She waited, possibly expecting him to drop down dead in a minute, before her. But Harry only drummed on the chair back, laughed at her pretty formality and tapping his snuff box to take a pinch together, as he said, before they parted. The young lady was mortified; she resolved to strike deeper, and added in a confidential whisper that she was to be married to young Mr. Stubbs, in a fortnight—Indeed said Harry, astonished, well my dear madam shall I have the honour to sell you the wedding dress? with a simplicity which bespoke the sincerity of the question.

When a friend or a relative died, Harry followed to the funeral, looked solemnly on the grave, and sometimes visited the spot afterwards; but the rough and flexible lines of deep humour and contentment remained on his cheek, and testified perpetually to the soundness of his heart. To sorrow long and deeply over the grave of the best friends we have, seemed, he said, inconsistent with correct views; they were called away by a wise providence from an indifferent world to one far better. It was unphilosophical, because it could do no good; was without object—had no end.

A great portion of the discontent which broods over human life arises from the petty jars with others to which we are all constantly liable. Harry was proof against trouble of this

sort. If people ill-treated him, he pitied them; if they tried to injure his character, he laughed at it, because, said he, they do but throw dust in their own eyes who throw against the wind, and a man who by his actions gives the lie to slander, always keeps to the windward of his enemy. If any one abused him, he generally listened with perfect indifference; put his hands in his pocket, and said, it is like other wind it neither breaks the bones nor bruises the flesh, it gives no pain; and he often observed jocularly, that he wondered how people could be much ruffled by the mere modulation of a fellow's voice, or the combination of sounds he uttered; mere breath, which costs the brawler all the labour, the hearer nothing.

Thus Harry Farr, parried off the evils which dash with bitterness the bowl of human happiness in so many instances. He had made up his mind to be contented from the beginning—"what can't be cured must be endured," says the old saw; and he reasoned very logically that what must be endured, however unpleasant it may appear to the mind, might as well be endured with a light heart as a heavy one. Nor was there wanting a single spark of good sound sense in his conduct, few as may be the examples of the same conduct in the world. If Providence overrules and directs all the wants of life; surely we ought not to repine, though in filling up the history of our fortunes she throws much shade as well as sunshine; only admit the axiom that all is for the best, and we cannot have a rational foundation on which to build the castle of discontent.

Over many of the early years of Harry Farr, the clouds of misfortune hung blackly; but he made the best of every thing, and thanked God for what he had, instead of fretting about what he had not. If he met with losses he set about repairing them at once; if sick he managed his concerns as well as he was able; if wronged, took the wisest method of getting justice; he would not throw away two dollars after one in a law suit, or be a blackguard because others began it and set him the example; and how think you, reader, he came out at last.

There is a large white stone mansion, on the eastern hill side; you may see it from the village; with capacious barns and outhouses; in the midst of as noble a farm as any in all the country. The ornamental and fruit trees arranged in beautiful order; the fields elegantly laid out; the firm stone fences; the droves of fat cattle that fatten in the meadows and the fine horses that sport round the capacious barn yard, mark it as the residence of taste and wealth. That is the homestead of the Farr family; they own all the hill side; and their motto is—"Do right yourself; and Providence will do you no wrong in the end."

Human society resembles an arch of stone; all would fall to the ground if one piece did not support another.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

HORATIO GATES,

A major-general in the army of the United States, was born about the year 1728.

In early life he entered the British army, and laid the foundation of his future military excellence. He was with Braddock, and a companion in arms with Washington, at the defeat of his army, in 1755.

When peace was concluded, he purchased an estate in Virginia, where he resided until the commencement of the American war, in 1775, when he was appointed by congress, at the recommendation of general Washington, adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier-general.

From this period he took a very active part in most of the transactions of the war, and his abilities and good fortune placed him in a rank inferior only to the commander-in-chief, and above any other general.

In July, 1775, he accompanied Washington to Cambridge, when he went to take command of the army in that place.

In June, 1776, he was appointed to the command of the army of Canada. He was superseded by general Schuyler in May, 1777; but in August following, he took the place of this officer in the northern department. The success, which attended his arms in the capture of Burgoyne, in October, filled America with joy. This event may be considered as deciding the war of the revolution, as from that period, the British cause began rapidly to decline. Congress passed a vote of thanks, and ordered a medal of gold to be presented by the president. After general Lincoln was taken prisoner, he was appointed on the 13th of June, 1780, to the command of the southern department. On the 16th of August, he was defeated by Cornwallis, at Camden. He was superseded on the 3d of December by general Greene, but was, in 1782, restored to his command.

After the peace he retired to his farm, in Berkley county, Virginia, where he remained until the year 1790, when he went to reside at New-York, having first emancipated his slaves, and made such pecuniary provision for such as were not able to provide for themselves. On his arrival at New-York, the freedom of the city was presented to him.

In 1800, he accepted a seat in the legislature, but he retained it no longer than he conceived his services might be useful to the cause of liberty, which he never abandoned. He died, April 10, 1806, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was a scholar, well versed in history and the Latin classics.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor adversity without its comforts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

"Here boys, are the marks of war," said an old veteran at Groton the other day, as he opened an old Revolutionary vest, full of bullet and bayonet holes, and showed his scars on his breast. He was wounded—dreadfully wounded—*nine times* wounded, in the battle of Fort Griswold. His breast was literally torn open by bayonet and musket balls, so that the beating of his heart was distinctly seen. "Would you still fight if you were able?" asked a British officer, as he passed by him weltering in his blood. "Yes!" was the bold reply—and the opportunity for thus expressing his devotion to the cause of his country, rekindled the expiring lamp of life. This officer happened to possess a spark of humanity. "It is a pity that so young and noble a man should die in this manner!" and he gave him a silk cap, which he stuffed into his breast, and stanchd the blood. The young soldier unexpectedly recovered, and is now a venerable and respected inhabitant of this town. "Here, boys, are the marks of war!" and his whole soul seemed beaming from his keen eye, as he exhibited his numerous wounds to a group of youths who had gathered around, and gazed with admiration on one who in olden time arose as it were from the dead.—*Bost. Gazette.*

A Captain at Philadelphia went into a store to borrow a *rake* to get some coals together, which had been scattered on the wharf. The merchant looking round upon his Clerks, said, I have a number, but doubt whether they would do. The captain took the pun, and observed, I suppose they would not wish to be *hauled over the coals.*

The finest man in the world.—A school master in Paris wished to prove that he was the finest person in the world. He argued thus: Europe is the finest quarter of the world; France is the finest country in Europe; Paris is the finest town in France; the University is the finest place in Paris; my room is the finest in the University; I am the finest in my room, *ergo*; I am the finest person in the world.

Humour.—A gentleman in England, many years ago, employed an honest Tar, who had quit the sea, as a gardener. Jack had hardly entered his new service, when he found himself much annoyed by a dog, who, nightly invaded his premises.—One morning the sailor got into the garden before the dog had escaped, and made him captive. As soon as he was seized, Jack deliberately took his spade, cut off his tail, and set him at liberty. Shortly after the gentleman entered the garden, and inquired of the gardener if the dog continued his

annoyance? "He'll never trouble us again," replied Jack—I caught him this morning, unshifted his rudder, and set him off before the wind, and d—— me if he will be able to steer his way back."

A FRAGMENT.

—I passed through the ruined tower of the Abby, and on crossing the ancient hall entered the little chapel in the left wing of the building. All was silent as the grave, and my footsteps echoed with a sound that made me tremble—The flickering light of a taper gleamed faintly on the stately walls of the sacred place; portraying there a thousand shadowy forms, to fright my throbbing bosom. I ventured along towards the altar from whence the light proceeded, and looking around me, perceived I was intruding in the mansions of the dead—Fear and horror thrilled through my frame, and I was preparing to depart, when a soft strain of music floated along the tottering galleries; a spirit hovered near me, and as I knelt to pay my adorations to the heavenly being, she thus addressed me:—"Daughter of earth! what doest thou here? Knowest thou not that these abodes are sacred?" "I came," said I "to seek for Wisdom." "And dost thou," replied she, "expect to find her here?"—"Alas!" said I, "hitherto I have sought in vain where pleasure reigns, where vanity delights to dwell. The records of antiquity could afford no light to guide my wandering footsteps. After many fruitless expeditions, I have reached this desolate spot, and if wisdom does not here abide, where, oh! where shall I seek her." "Mistaken mortal," replied the angelic spirit, "quit these domains of death, and seek for wisdom where alone she is to be found, in the temple of virtue. Come," continued she, "I am Religion; I will lead you there. I alone am privileged to know the hidden treasures of true wisdom. My hand only can with success unfold that volume in which are contained the brightest blossoms of hope, and the dearest promises of immortality. Influenced by my principles and feelings, you shall pass uncontaminated down the stream of life, and when the torrent of adversity assails, my bark shall waft your feeble frame along, and land you safely in eternity.—Come, undaunted you shall pass through every danger and difficulty: 'Fear not for I am with thee.' " I gave my willing hand, and resolved that forgetting the world, and its tumults, Religion should direct my future life. I had as it were imperceptibly left the chapel, and now found myself in the open air with my new companion beside me. The faint glimmer of the taper had faded, but myriads of stars bestrewed the azure sky, and the first ray of the rising moon was smiling upon the waters.

Dr. Wolcot, (the facetious *Peter Pindar*,) on being once reproved for the liberties he had

taken with his Sovereign, is said to have replied with as much truth as wit. "I confess there exists this difference between the King and me—the King has been a good subject to me; but I have been a bad subject to his Majesty."

LECOURVREUR.

The celebrated Mademoiselle Lecourvreuer, of the Theatre Francais, passing through the streets at a very late hour, on a cold, raw night was accosted by a poor woman with four little children on her back, who in a token of bitter suffering, beseeched the actress to take pity on her destitute condition. Mademoiselle Lecourvreuer searched her pockets, and finding nothing—"Wait," said she, "my good woman, I will give you more than you could have hoped for;" and instantly throwing off her mantle, she began to recite the imprecations of Camilla, with a vehemence and superior talent which soon collected a croud around her, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season. She then made a collection among the auditors, and, with the fruits of her charitable exertion, gave the woman a sufficient sum to provide lodgings and clothes for her infants.

DODDINGTON AND COBHAM.

The celebrated Bubb Doddington was very lethargick. Falling asleep one day after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, and several others, one of the party reproached him with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it.—"Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

SUMMARY.

Dr. McHenry, the author of *O'Halloran*, and late editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, Philadelphia, has in press, in London, where he now is, a new novel, entitled "*Hearts of Steel*." It will be published in Philadelphia, also in a few days.

Bolivar, has been unanimously re-elected President of Columbia, and Mendoza, Vice President.

Summer Lincoln Fairfield, Esq. author of *Lays of Melpomene*, *Sisters of St. Clara*, and several periodicals, proposes to publish in the city of Baltimore, a new monthly work to embrace 60 octavo pages per number, at \$5 per annum, and to be entitled *The North American Magazine*.

The fur-trade and frontier posts.—Missouri papers announce, that the military posts of the United States are to be extended to beyond the Mandan villages, 800 miles above the Council-Bluffs, and that the result is anticipated to be highly favourable to our fur-trade.

MARRIED,

In Stuyvesant, on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sickles, Mr. IRA ALLEN, of Chatham, to Miss ELIZA BURGERT, of the former place.

DIED,

At Austerlitz, on Friday, the 28th ult. Mrs. RUTH FORD, consort of Jacob Ford, Esq.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. STANZAS.

A something blended in her youthful eye,
And on her cheek—the rose of health was there—
Which seem'd to hush the thought that she would die
And leave so soon this world of toil and care.

O, sad and solemn was that last farewell,
When *last* we met within yon verdant grove;—
But now methinks that she has gone to dwell
In that blest land where all is peace and love.

Her tomb is now bestrew'd with early flow'rs,
And near, the aspen and the willow wave;
And *there* I go to spend my lonely hours,
And *lisp* regret's soft whisper o'er her grave.

O'er her low bed my plaintive harp I hang,
And when I touch its chords it tells of her,
Who once in youth with me so sweetly sang
But now is slumb'ring in the sepulchre.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. LINES ON A SUICIDE.

There was a time once when that sunken eye,
Told of many a happy hour;
When that heart was warm and that breast beat high,
And was hope's continual bow'r:—
But that heart is chill'd which once was warm,
And now cold is the youthful brow;
And still is the eye, and cold is the form,
For the suicide's sleeping now.

Now the north winds will whistle o'er that head,
And the willow will pine in gloom;
And the rose that is planted o'er his bed
Will wither and die on the tomb!—
At even the lonely whippoor-wills' song
Will re-echo along the plain;
And travellers will pause as they pass along
And attend to the plaintive strain.

Now the leaves of the aspen-tree will wave
But few days ere they fade and die—
And lovely hyacinths droop on the grave
Beneath which his cold ashes lie.
The school boy on passing the grave at night,
Will shudder and tremble with fear—
And will fancy he sees thy ghost in white,
Wander round thy neglected bier!

HENRY.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY. THE WEDDING.

Two bright beings I saw, in unsorrowing youth,
Pledge their holiest vows in the language of truth,
And declare that while life's bounding pulses should roll,
Thus lastingly—soul should be blended with soul.

He stood in the pride of his youth—a fair form,
His spirit yet noble—his feelings yet warm—
An Eagle—to shelter the Dove with his wing;
An Elm—where the light twining tendrils might cling.

Some dark curling tresses—a beautiful braid,
Interwoven with flowers, on her forehead was laid;
A pure golden chain o'er her white neck was thrown,
And a pale azure girdle encircled her zone.

Her robe was as white as the ocean wave's foam,
Or as snow when it rests in its far-away home,
Ere it leaves the high heavenly place of its birth,
To melt and be lost on our desolate earth.

And I thought too, while silently gazing on them,
That their bosoms were brighten'd with love's peerless
gem,

And that Hope had thrown over life's thorn-planted way
Her loveliest bloom and her sunniest ray—

That laughing-eyed Joy had just routed old Care,
And, crown'd with new roses, was revelling there:
He smil'd and declar'd that his day should not end
While Music would sooth him or Beauty would tend.

I sigh'd too, to think, and I trembled to fear,
That Love might be jogging in one little year:
That Hope's mountain rose might soon wither and fade,
And Joy in the cold grave of Sorrow be laid.

But I pray'd and I hop'd that it might not be so,
That still they should love both in weal and in wo,
And the chain they have link'd in life's sorrowless prime
Might not be corroded nor weaken'd by time.

SHE HAS NO HEART.

She has no heart, but she is fair—
The rose, the lily can't outvie her;
She smiles so sweetly, that the air
Seems full of light and beauty nigh her.
She has no heart, but yet her face
So many hues of youth revealing,
With so much liveliness and grace,
That on my soul 'tis ever stealing.
She has no heart, she cannot love,
But she can kindle love in mine—
Strange, that the softness of a dove
Round such a thing of air can twine.
She has no heart—her eye, though bright,
Has not the brightness of the soul;
'Tis not the pure and tender light,
That love from seraph beauty stole.
'Tis but a wild and witching flame,
That leads us on awhile through flowers,
Then leaves us, lost in guilt and shame,
To mourn our vain departed hours.
Go then from me—thou canst not chain
A soul, whose flight is wing'd above;
Turn not on me thine eye again;
Thou hast no heart, thou canst not love.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Just Ice (justice.)

PUZZLE II.—Eclipse.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
My first is my whole; ('twill be odd if you guess it)
My next is a pronoun—you often express it,—
My last is two-thirds of a knot; and my whole,
As you'll find when you guess it, is something that's droll.

II.
Make one word of *Ned* is a *toper*?

LOTTERY TICKETS

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